

✱ The DAME of HONOUR; or, Hospitality.



Since now the world's turn'd upside down,
And all things chang'd in nature,
As if a doubt was newly grown,
We had the same Creator.
Of ancient modes, and former ways,
I'll teach you, sirs, the manner
In good queen *Bess's* golden days,
When I was a dame of honour.

I had an ancient noble seat,
Tho' it is come to ruin;
Where mutton, beef, and such good meat,
In the hall was daily chewing;

Of humming beer my cellar full;
I was the yearly donor,
Where toying knaves had many a pull,
When I was a dame of honour.

My men of home-spun honest grays,
Had coats and comely badges,
They wore no dirty ragged lace,
Nor ne'er complain'd for wages;
For gaudy fringe and silks o'th' town
I fear'd no threatening dinner,
But wore a decent rogram gown,
When I was a dame of honour.

In never thought cantharides-
Ingredient good in posset,
Nor never stript me to my stays,
To play the punk at basset;
In Ratafia ne'er made debauch,
Nor reel'd like a toying gunner,
Nor let my mercer seize my coach,
When I was a dame of honour.

I still preserv'd my maiden fame,
In spite of oaths and lying,
Tho' many a long-chin'd youngster came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My fan, to guard my lips, I kept
From *Cupid's* lewd o'er-runner,
And many a *Roman* nose I clapt,
When I was a dame of honour.

My curling locks I never bought
Of beggars dirty daughters,
Nor prompted by a wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my garters.
I never glow'd with painted pride,
Like punk, when the devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a cheat to be a bride,
When I was a dame of honour.

I treated all my neighbours round,
And strangers that came near me,
The poor too always welcome found,
Whose prayers did still endear me.
Let therefore who at court would be
No churl, nor yet no fawner,
Match in old hospitality,
Queen Bess's dame of honour.

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